The Boston Book

POINTS OF INTEREST IN BOSTON

1. King's Chapel and Burial Ground
2. City Hall
3. Granary Burial Ground
4. Athenaeum
5. Old Corner
6. Old South Meeting House
7. Post Office
8. Old State House
9. Faneuil Hall
10. Quincy Market
11. Custom House
12. Paul Revere House
13. Paul Revere Mall
14. Christ Church
15. Copps Hill
16. Park St. Church
17. St. Paul's Cathedral
18. State House
19. Court House
20. Harrison Gray Otis House
21. Old West Church
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23. Massachusetts General Hospital
24. Public Library
25. Trinity
26. Christian Science Church
27. Temple Israel
28. Symphony Hall
29. Museum of Fine Arts
30. Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum
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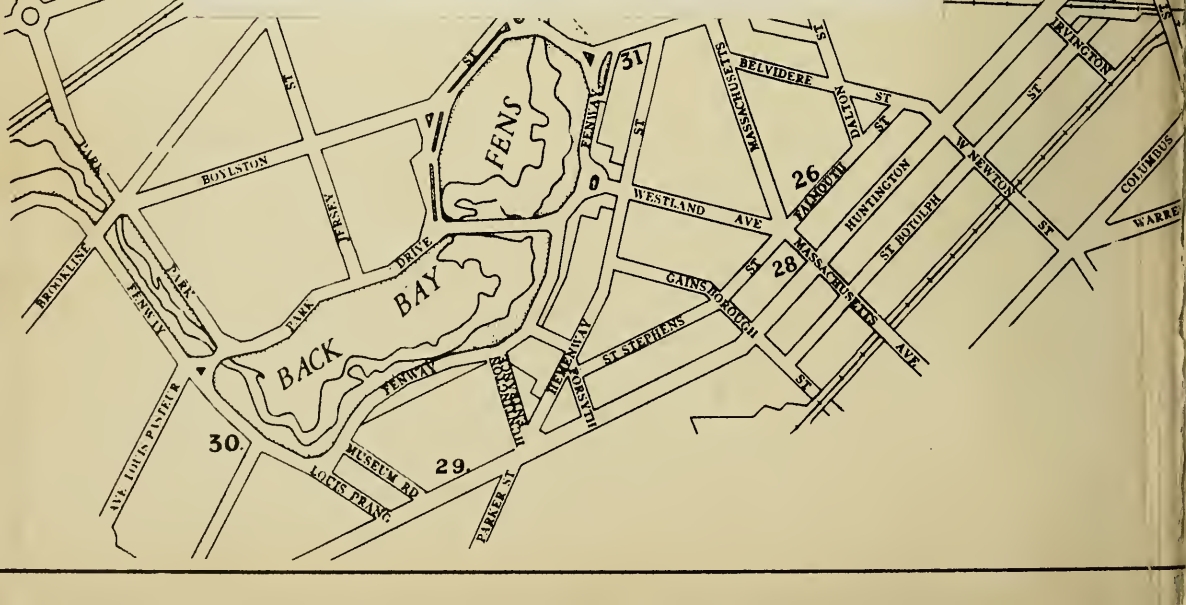

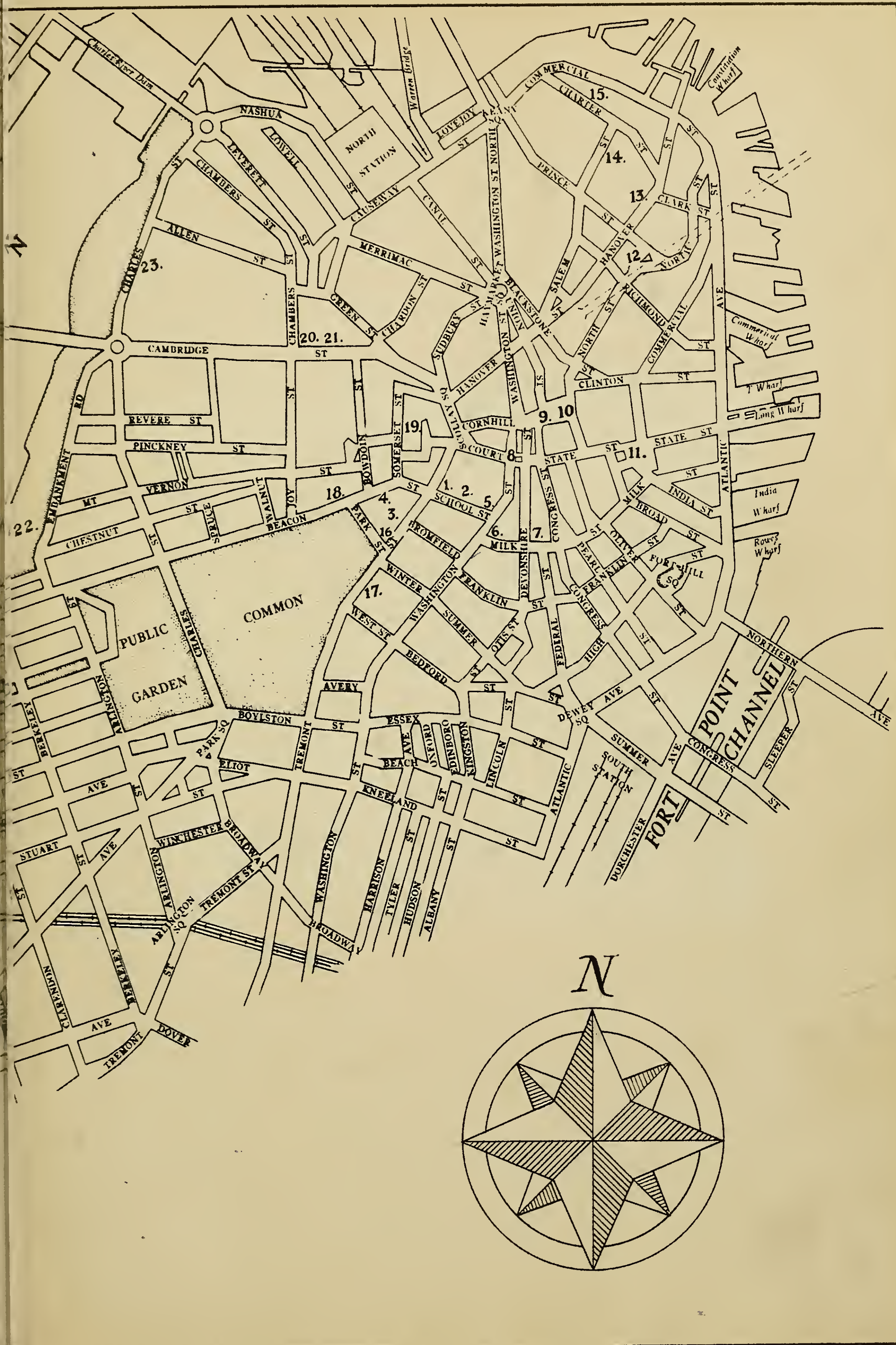

Charles River Dam
Warren Bridge
Constitution Wharf
COMMERCIAL
CHARTER
15.
NASHUA
LOVEJOY
NORTH STATION
LOWELL
LEVERETT
CHAMBERS
CAUSEWAY
CANAL
NORTH WASHINGTON ST
PRINCE
14.
13.
CLARK
12.
NORTH
HANOVER
SALEM
ALLEN
CHARLES
23.
MERRIMAC
HAYMARKET SQ
BLACKSTONE
RICHMOND
COMMERCIAL
Commercial Wharf
GREEN
CHARDON
SUDBURY
UNION
20. 21.
CAMBRIDGE ST
CLINTON
T Wharf
Long Wharf
REVERE ST
PINCKNEY ST
19.
SCOLLAY SQ
CORNHILL
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ATLANTIC
BOWDOIN
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SCHOOL ST
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3.
INDIA ST
India Wharf
EMBANKMENT
22.
CHESTNUT
SPRUCE
WALNUT
JOY
BEACON
PARK
16
BROMFIELD
6.
MILK
DEVONSHIRE
7.
CONGRESS
BROAD
OLIVER
PEARL
FORT HILL SQ
Rowes Wharf
WINTER
17.
WASHINGTON
FRANKLIN
COMMON
PUBLIC GARDEN
CHARLES
WEST ST
SUMMER
OTIS ST
FEDERAL
HIGH
NORTHERN
AVE
FORT POINT CHANNEL
BEDFORD
AVERY
DEWEY SQ
SUMMER
CONGRESS
SLEEPER
ARLINGTON
BERKELEY
BOYLSTON ST
TREMONT
ESSEX
OXFORD
EDINBORO
KINGSTON
LINCOLN
SOUTH STATION
PARK SQ
ELIOT
BEACH
KNEELAND
ATLANTIC
DORCHESTER
STUART
WINCHESTER
BROADWAY
ARLINGTON SQ
TREMONT ST
WASHINGTON
HARRISON
TYLER
HUDSON
ALBANY
CLARENDON
AVE
TREMONT
DOVER
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The Boston Book

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Photographs by Arthur Griffin

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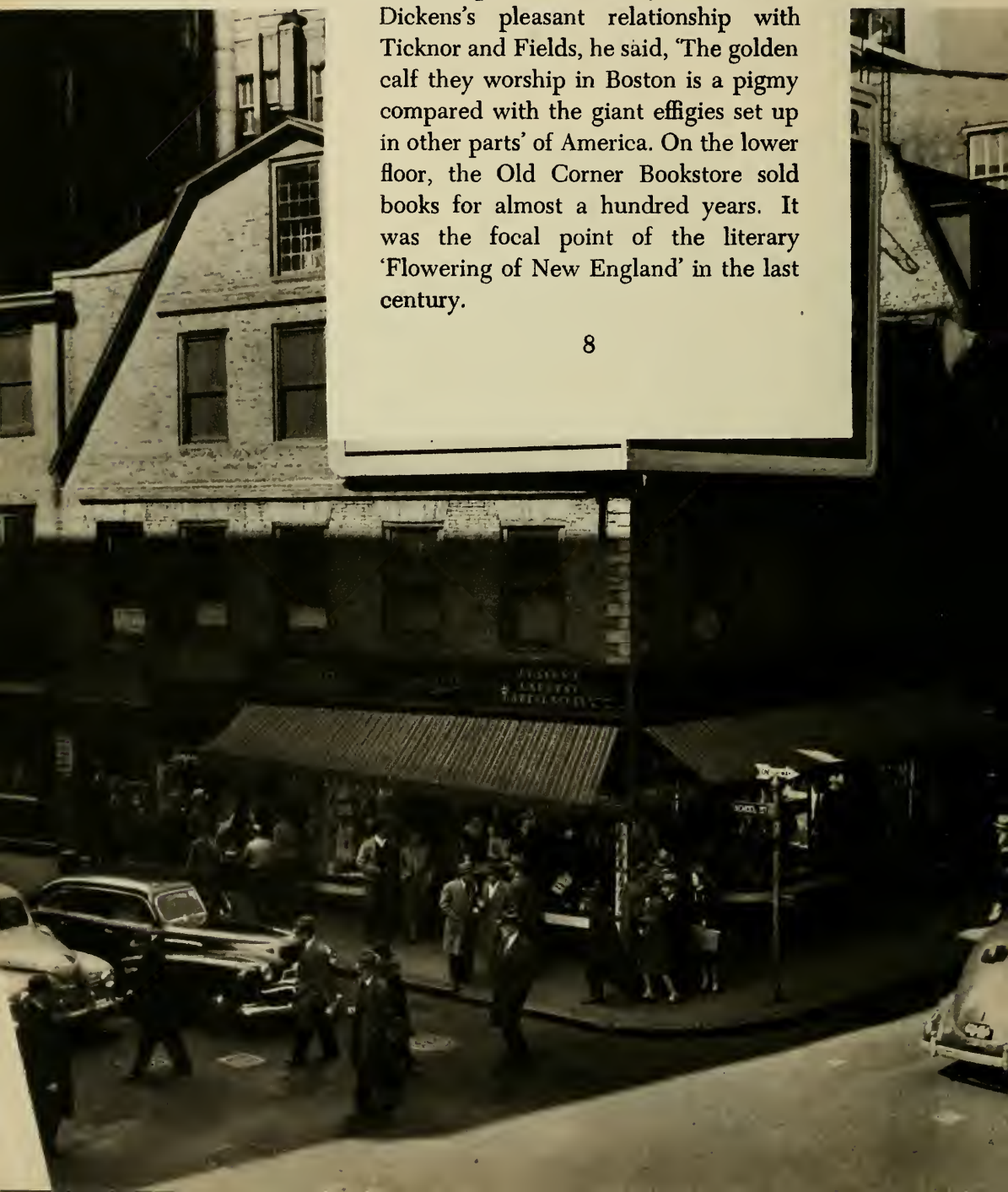
Many of the stones in Boston's old burying grounds are more than merely 'quaint.' Carvings and design are often beautiful and thoughtful. In no other medium did the Puritan express his attitudes toward life and death as consciously as in his stone carving. In the magnificence of the coats of arms, one reads his worldliness and pride. His use of the medieval symbols of hourglass, death's-head, skeletons, and scythe reflects his insistence upon the fact all flesh must die. Angels and cherubim give hope of immortality. The richness of decoration and the handsome printing show a love of sheer beauty rarely expressed anywhere else.

At the corner of School and Washington Streets is a gambrel-roofed brick building which goes back to 1712. Last left of many similar buildings (for old prints show that much of the present Washington Street was built up in this manner), it is interesting to look at, but difficult to photograph. Ticknor and Fields, publishers of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, did their business and received their authors and their manuscripts here. Partly because of Dickens's pleasant relationship with Ticknor and Fields, he said, 'The golden calf they worship in Boston is a pigmy compared with the giant effigies set up in other parts' of America. On the lower floor, the Old Corner Bookstore sold books for almost a hundred years. It was the focal point of the literary 'Flowering of New England' in the last century.



Old South Meeting

'A building with a grander history than any other on the American continent, unless it be that other plain brick building in Philadelphia.'

John Fiske

When the American Revolution was brewing, Old South was the largest place for meetings in Boston, so it was here the most famous Town meetings in history were held – the one the day after the Boston Massacre and the one just before the Boston Tea Party. Here Sam Adams, addressing the thousands crowded in the building and swarming about the streets, said, 'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country.' At this prearranged signal, yells went up from the dark galleries and darker streets, 'Boston Harbor a teapot tonight,' and the 'Indians' were off for Griffin Wharf and Boston's most celebrated tea party. These brick walls have fairly bulged and trembled with patriotic speeches, shouts for freedom, prayers for liberty. No other early American church has had so political a history. Being such a hotbed of sedition, it fared badly while the British were occupying the town. Its pews were chopped up for soldier mess fires. Tanbark covered the floor, and it became a riding school for Burgoyne's Light Dragoons. As the young officers took their horses over the jumps, Tory belles admired from the galleries.

Built in 1729, Old South is almost as famous architecturally as politically, for it had great influence on subsequent church design. Bare of ornament, dependent upon proportion for its effect, it is one of the finest of early American churches. It is no longer used as a church building. The interior has been restored and now houses the collections of The Old South Association. The large relief map of ancient Boston (showing streets and houses) helps modern curiosity to realize what the cramped little town of fifteen hundred inhabitants was like two hundred years ago.

That clock (Gaven Brown's masterpiece) has been ticking above Washington Street for toward two hundred years.

'Around the corner in Court Street is the famous steaming kettle above the sidewalk which advertises another coffee stall. . . . Umbrella repairers, gunsmiths, scissor-grinders, and watchmakers, too, still hang out appropriate symbols of their callings, and Boston is one of the few remaining cities where old-time artizans and tradesmen still proclaim their crafts with representative street signs.'

Lucius Beebe

The new Post Office and Federal Building (Cram and Ferguson) covers an entire block between Devonshire, Congress, Water, and Milk Streets.

The Old State House still stands in the heart of Boston's financial district, in the middle of State Street.

'From the Head of the Pier you go up the chief Street of the Town, at the upper End of which is the Town House or Exchange [Old State House today]; a fine Piece of Building, containing besides the Walk for the Merchants, the Council Chamber, or the House of Commons, and another spacious Room for the Sessions of the Courts of Justice, the Exchange is surrounded with Bookseller's Shops, which have a good trade.'

Daniel Neal 1720

Dock Square and Faneuil Hall, 'The Cradle of Liberty' . . .

'The proverbial use of the cradle has ever been to rock the baby to sleep; and Heaven knows our old fathers made no such use of Faneuil Hall; in their early management of the bantling; for it was an ever-wakeful child from the very moment of its first, sharp, shrill, life cry.'

Lucius Manlius Sargent

Once Dock Square deserved its name, for here, before Long Wharf was built and the square was filled, was the townspeople's principal landing place. Now it seems a long way from the sea, but from the seventeenth century to the present, it has always been the greatest market area, and it is as lively and picturesque today, with its great heaps and barrels of good food, its ruddy, voluble marketmen and its intense Yankee buyers, as it ever was. And hereabouts are a number of famous restaurants. The Union Oyster House is two hundred years old, and its bar was beloved by Daniel

Webster. There are many others; among the most famous is Durgin and Park. As Lucius Beebe says, 'You do not dine in the gourmet's sense there, but you feed magnificently.'

Peter Faneuil (one of the many poor emigrant boys of non-English blood who have proved in Boston Horatio Alger is not always wrong) gave the original hall to his city to be used as a market below and a meeting place for citizens above. Smibert designed the building in 1742, and Charles Bulfinch skillfully enlarged it to its present size. From the public meetings held on that second floor, it has earned the name 'Cradle of Liberty.' Some of the angriest meetings that ever rocked this cradle came during the Abolitionist days. And by the terms of its charter it is still available, rent free, to groups of citizens. Faneuil Hall was always a popular place in which to feast great visitors: D'Estaing and Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, Van Buren, Commodore Hull, and many others. It has a fine collection of portraits and pictures on its walls. On the third floor is the museum of The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company — America's oldest military organization, going back to 1637.

Its weathervane, a glass-eyed copper grasshopper, has been hopping about trying to keep up with the fluctuations in Boston weather for over two hundred years. In the sailing-vessel era American consuls would say to seamen claiming Boston residence, 'What's on top of Faneuil Hall?' If they did not say, 'a grasshopper,' they were not Bostonians.

'There are festoons of sausages, pyramids of Northern Spies, whole mounds of rabbits . . . sirloins of prime heavy beef, shoals of halibut, sturgeon and Delaware shad, parterres of Indian Runner ducks, regiments of crated eggs. There are cheeses from Melton Mowbray, Montreal melons, pompano from Florida waters, firkins of good New England creamery butter, alligator pears, and smoked salmon, and braces of grouse, a fragrant and eye-filling farrago of table fare, a gustatory epic.'

Lucius Beebe

Back of Faneuil Hall is Quincy Market, built in 1826 by Josiah Quincy, one of Boston's first and greatest mayors. At dawn every day this energetic mayor mounted his horse and rode all over a much smaller Boston, remedying evils and thinking up new enterprises. He introduced city water and

sewage systems and cut the death rate by a third. For the first time in her history the streets of Boston were cleaned. Quincy Market is his greatest monument and has been a steady source of income to the city ever since it was built.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Sam Adams, 'a statesman incorruptible and fearless'

'Like a four-sided wedge
The Custom House Tower
Pokes at the low, flat sky,

. . . . . .

The cross-hatchings of rain cut the Tower obliquely,
Mutilating its perpendicular grey surface
With the sharp precisions of tools.'

Amy Lowell

As soon as Blackstone Street is crossed, one is in North Boston. For a long time this part of Boston was cut off from the rest of town by a ship canal. It was the most elegant section of town, as well as the heart of the shipbuilding trade. Caulkers and sail-makers, ship carpenters and fore-mast-hands, lived in small back alleys close to the great houses and gardens of the rich. In bad times there were often riots, for the 'North Enders' were known as a turbulent, independent folk, very interested in politics. The word 'Caucus' is said to come from the meetings of these North End caulkers. In everything Boston ever did that upset the Tories, 'North Enders' played their part.

The heart of this section is North Square, and one of the leaders of the artisans of the Revolutionary Period was Paul Revere. His frowning little house still stands. It was about a hundred years old when he bought it in 1770 and is the only seventeenth-century house still standing in a large

American city. Inside it is attractively and appropriately furnished with articles of Paul Revere's period, and prints, and some things of his own. It was from this house (by a back door because the square was full of British soldiers) Revere started out for the most famous of his many rides 'on the 18th of April in '75.' Major Pitcairn of the British Marines was quartered almost next door to Revere. It was he who the next morning out in Lexington said, 'Disperse, Ye Rebels. Ye villains, disperse. Lay down your arms. Why don't ye lay down your arms?' And the first shot of the Revolution was fired.

Near-by, on Garden Court, Sir Harry Frankland and his beautiful Agnes Surriage lived. How he met her, why he did not marry her, how she saved his life and he did marry her, is New England's most famous romance. Next to his house was Governor Thomas Hutchinson's. It was this house the mob sacked in 1765. Roundabout North Square lived, preached, and wrote the Mathers – and here once stood (at the northern end of the square) 'the Church of the Mathers.'

Early in the last century this square and North Boston had gone downhill, and was largely inhabited by emigrants – first Irish, then Jewish, and Italian. Little money was spent in improvements, with the result that many of the crooked little streets still carry their old-fashioned names (Sun Court and Moon Streets, Salutation and Charter) and follow their ancient courses. Surrounded by the sea on three sides, there is still a sparkle and freshness to the air. Life in North Boston is no longer elegant, but it seems cheerful, although from the tourist's point of view a little too intent on pointing out the landmarks for a dime.

boat tied up as a permanent home for a family who have taken this method of solving the housing shortage, or are especially fond of the smell of harbor water and fish.

The 'little fishermen' often sell their fish to peddlers, whose two-wheeled carts make an intricate jack-straw pattern along the wharf.

Once the largest ships in the world tied up along these wharves.

Across the harbor in South Boston is the Fish Pier. Here is every modern facility – and also the age-old dangers of storm and the age-old virtues of fortitude and courage. Such ice as is shown in these pictures is rare, but weather is variable in Boston and always a fit and favorite subject for conversation. Scientists believe that this bright and fluctuating New England weather is one reason why the local type (regardles of racial strain) tends toward quick thinking, independence, and ingenuity. Although sometimes summer days may seem soft and warm as Florida, there is here no tropical languor. Yankees have always had to think fast to keep up with their weather. But this climate is (according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company) one of the healthiest in the world. And it is one reason children from all over the country are so often sent here for school. For all-the-year-round outdoor recreation, this northeast corner of America has no rival.

India Wharf is also worth the traveler's time. It was built at the peak of the India trade, and when completed, in 1807, it was the finest waterfront development in America. Charles Bulfinch was the architect. Now only his brick central building remains. It runs up to the amazing height (considering there were no elevators) of seven stories – a massive, solid structure. Sad it seems to us now with even its view of the sea blocked by modern buildings. There it stands waiting for the great ships that will not return, for it has seen many ships from those first rash little venturers into the Pacific to the clippers jammed with cheering hundreds 'off for California with my banjo on my knee.' From this wharf late in November, 1898, Boston's most famous ghost ship sailed into the unknown and the worst of all New England storms. The snow fell softly as the *Portland* backed out of her slip. By midnight such a fury of snow, sleet, wind, such mountainous waves, had never been ever dreamed of. A hundred and forty-one ships were wrecked on the New England coast that night. The *Portland* just disappeared. There was not one survivor of the one hundred and seventy-six people who left India Wharf that night.

'Here cargoes from all parts of the world were bought and sold and accounted for, without the aid of steam heat, clacking typewriter, and office system. An odor of tar and hemp, mingled with spicy suggestions from the merchandise stored above, pervaded everything. Respectable men clerks (female clerks, sir? – would you have female sailors?) on high stools were constantly writing in the calf-bound letter-books, ledgers, and waste-books, or delving in the neat wooden chests that enclosed the records of each particular vessel. Owners, some crabbed and crusty, others with the manners of a merchant prince, received you before blazing open fires of hickory or cannel coal, in rooms adorned with portraits and half-models of vessels. Through the small-paned windows one could see the firm's new ship being rigged under the owner's eye.'

Samuel Eliot Morison


Made us put cloths on


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Park Street land opposite the Common and long had used it for a public 'granary,' an almshouse, and a bridewell. It was sold off with the restriction 'that all buildings – shall be regular and uniform with other buildings.

The Amory-Ticknor House at the top of the street (Lafayette slept here), and numbers four, six, seven, eight – all date from this early 'city planning.' Bulfinch was the architect of most of these houses.

Park Street . . .

'The total elision of the R, and the amazing, broad, flat A, as in "Pahk Street," give to Bostonian speech a magnificently indigenous tang; hint at juniper and spruce forests, rocky fields, pumpkins, Thanksgiving, and pie.'

Harrison Rhodes

The Common seen through St. Paul's Greek Revival columns . . .

Among the first things the settlers of Boston did was to set aside certain lands for common pasturage and a common training ground. And it was to be – forever – a place for all to take their pleasure. Generations of children have played here, from the Puritan child with kite, marbles, hoops, and sleds to the present urchin shrieking in the Frog Pond. Nor have the pleasures of adolescence been neglected. In 1675 it was 'a pleasant Common, where the Gallants, a little before Sunset, walk with their Marmalet-Madams.' Whatever a 'marmalet-madam' may be, it is still popular with sailors and their girls. On the Common were the greatest of colonial military parades and musters, and from here the colonial troops followed Amherst to Quebec and the British troops marched to Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. The recruiting and encampments of the Civil

War were here. From the Common marched the men who went South to fight for those rights of man of which these open acres are a symbol. Among them was Colonel Shaw's Fifty-Fourth Colored Regiment. To the honor of the young colonel and his colored troops Saint-Gaudens's memorial has been placed on the Common at Beacon Street.

In less than two months Colonel Shaw and half his regiment were killed as the Fifty-Fourth led the attack on Fort Wagner. He was buried in the trench with his men. The English elms shading this memorial are the oldest trees left on the Common. They were planted by John Hancock. A little way down Beacon Street still stands one more of his elms. These trees withstood the 'Great Blow' of 1805 and the Hurricane of 1938.

During our two last great wars the Common has blossomed with endless temporary servicemen's clubs, booths for selling Liberty or Victory bonds, and war gardens.

But in spite of the pleasure it has given children, courting couples, pigeons and squirrels, and aged sitters upon its hard benches, and in spite of its uses in wartime, the oldest and most everyday business of the Common was the pasturing of animals. To drive cows to the Common in the morning and home again for milking in the evening was the children's work. Among these little cow-herders was Ralph Waldo Emerson. Not until 1830 was the last cow banished. To this day it is said there exists a small right of way running from Mount Vernon Street across Chestnut and Beacon Streets to the Common for the benefit of those cows who come no more. On Beacon you may see the stately bronze gateway through which (theoretically) a cow may pass.

In the Victorian era efforts were made to give the Common a more elegant name and to rechristen the Frog Pond 'Quincy Lake.' All such ignoble efforts have failed.

The Common has always had to fight against commercial encroachments. The first generation produced certain small-minded citizens who wanted to use it for a town dump and threw stones, trash, and 'dead dogs and cats, or other stinkeing things,' thus, in the words of the old ordinance, 'annoying the Common.' Ever since, the fight has been going on between those who wish to keep it for the common pleasure of all and those who would 'annoy' it.

The Shaw Memorial . . .

'Can you see those brave men well-drilled and disciplined, proud of themselves, proud of their handsome colonel (he was only twenty-six years old) and of their gallant earnest young white officers marching through crowded streets in order to salute Governor Andrew, their true friend, standing before the State House – while thousands of men and women cheered them – the despised race – to the echo as they went forth to blot out with their own blood the sin of the nation?'

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

'The boys who have coasted on the long malls of Boston Common, played upon its ball-grounds, and received inspiration from orations of great statesmen and from the frequent military parades there, have afterwards stormed many heights in the military service of their country. Many a hero of our Navy has sailed his first boat in the "Frog Pond."'

Edward A. Parker 1899

'Boston State House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened for a crowbar.'

Oliver Wendell Holmes

By 1795, Boston had badly outgrown her little old State House down on State Street. Charles Bulfinch was asked to go ahead with his designs for a new one. The young architect (he was twenty-four when he first began planning this building) went ahead boldly, evolving an architectural type which nobly expressed the aspirations of his young country. His dome, normally gilded, is the most famous of Boston landmarks. The main building is his, and he should not be blamed for the huge inept wings. They are much later. Much of the interior is little changed, especially the Old Hall

The gilded dome 'high in the air; poised in the right place over everything that clustered below; the most felicitous object in Boston.'
Henry James

of Representatives (where the 'sacred codfish' hangs) and the Old Senate Chamber. Bulfinch served his little town (it had forty thousand inhabitants), not only as an architect, but for twenty-two years as a selectman. His knowledge of the actual needs of the city combined with his artistic genius made him one of the most valuable citizens Boston has ever had. Whether it was new streets, houses for the rich, almshouses for the poor, theaters, hospitals, or wharves, Bulfinch, in his dual capacity, knew what to do.

The water in the distance is Boston Harbor, bisected by the white finger of the Custom House Tower. The large building to the left is the Court House (see opposite page). Beacon Street cuts the picture from top to bottom. Little Park Street with its church is one boundary of the Common. Charles Street (below the spider of crossing paths) is where it ends. Here, on Charles Street Mall, anyone with a soap box and a mission can hold forth on Sunday afternoons. Next below is the Public Garden with part of the Back Bay in the lower right hand corner, and 'The Shell,' a piece of the Esplanade, and the Charles River on your left. Back of the Esplanade rises Beacon Hill.

Beacon Street . . .

'The sunny street which holds the sifted few.'
Oliver Wendell Holmes

The State House is handsomely situated on the highest hill in Boston — Beacon Hill. Once this section was mostly pasturage and orchard with a scattering of handsome estates. John Hancock's elegant house was on the corner of Beacon and Joy Streets. The hill then was much higher, reaching almost to the top of the present State House dome. During Bulfinch's period the hill was cut down, and the present streets laid out. Most of

these houses were built within forty years. Much of the charm of Beacon Hill today is an architectural unity rare in America. Bulfinch himself designed many of these houses. Lesser architects worked in a similar manner. So one sees over and over the same pattern of rosy brick, shallow bow windows, simple, fastidious doorways. It is a graceful, pre-eminently sensible type of dwelling restrained and completely without any great flourishes. On Beacon Street, the Somerset Club (the old Sears Mansion), Number 41-42, is one of the most pretentious – 'The Somerset, that reservoir of Boston Blue Blood.' The Women's City Club, Number 40, has one of the most beautiful of the typical curving stairways of the period. It is probably Bulfinch – Number 45 certainly is.

Up from Beacon runs Walnut Street. It was from his home, Number 8, late in November, 1849, that Doctor Parkman left for his fatal rendezvous with Doctor Webster. The result of this meeting was what Edmund Pearson calls 'America's classic murder' and the only known time one Harvard faculty man has killed another one.

On Charles Street and in that vicinity are antique shops, inexpensive restaurants, shop windows full of books or flowers, gifts or silver.

Parallel to Beacon is Chestnut. At Number 13 lived Julia Ward Howe and later John Singer Sargent. Francis Parkman's house was Number 50. Number 29A Chestnut Street, where Edwin Booth once lived, is one of the most attractive of Beacon Hill houses. This is also by Bulfinch. Here, as elsewhere, in this section, one notices the lavender panes of glass. This color was not intentional. It changed from white to lavender. Why, no one seems to know. But lavender glass in a Boston home stands for the same thing as blue blood in Boston veins.

Next over from Chestnut Street is Mount Vernon. Henry James said it was 'the only respectable street in America,' and respectable it still is. But in Puritan days it seems to have had a different reputation. Then the slight hill which gave Mount Vernon its name was called Mount Whoredom.

Louisburg Square (pronounced Lewisberg) is an epitome of the whole section – the bricks so ruddy, the streets still cobbled, the brass so polished, cats so fat, the paint so fresh, and ladies so ladylike. Here little dogs wear little blankets in winter. And here Christmas Eve is celebrated with such joyous profusion of candles and carols that even the most skeptical can believe in Christmas cards.

The central green belongs to the proprietors. Of these there are twenty-two. Every year when the trees are pruned the wood is divided into

twenty-two bundles and each proprietor gets one. It is said there is no gate in the iron fence which protects the green. The tiny statues represented Aristides and Columbus. In her affluent days, Louisa May Alcott lived at Number 11. Jenny Lind was married at Number 20. William Dean Howells wrote his novels at Number 4.

Visiting Englishmen have often expressed delight in this section of Boston. It is so much like parts of pre-Blitz London. Thackeray 'always considered Boston my native place,' and this has been the attitude of many Englishmen. Not all, however. Arnold Bennet thought 'the best thing about Boston is the five o'clock train for New York.' But the first of all English visitors liked this section.

When the Puritans arrived on the peninsula which later became Boston, it already had one mysterious white resident, 'The Cambridge Scholar Blaxton – who had built his thatched cottage, with a garden and spring, on the site of Louisburg Square – he had brought his library with him. There had been books on Beacon Hill, when the wolves still howled on the summit,' as Van Wyck Brooks says. Blaxton (an Episcopalian) soon moved out. He had left England to be rid of 'my lords the Bishops' and now left Boston, he said, to be rid of 'my Lords the Brethren.

Pinckney Street . . .

' ——— with a push, one would go hurtling down the brick-paved sidewalk and never stop, but shoot into the Charles which was visible, far below, as a wedge of chilly blue, crossed now and then by a white sail.'

Jean Stafford

Pinckney Street (just beyond Mount Vernon) is on the edge of all this respectability. Many of these houses have been made over for apartments, or are used for boarding houses. From now on, as one goes north, neither the architecture nor the way of life is so aristocratic. This, 'the back of the hill,' mixes a slightly Greenwich Village life (a life which bloomed in the nineteen-twenties and now is somewhat faded) and that of the more recent comers to Boston than the Brahmins. In some spots it sinks toward the slummy.

'Harrison Gray Otis, at the age of eighty, after forty years of gout, breakfasted every morning on pâté de foi gras. Every afternoon, at the Otis House, ten gallons of punch evaporated out of the Lowestoft punch-bowl.'
Van Wyck Brooks

Across Cambridge Street are two memorable old landmarks. The Harrison Gray Otis House (1795), an impressive example of how well the eighteenth-century gentlemen lived. It is now the headquarters for 'The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.' It is richly and appropriately furnished.

Close to it is the Old West Church (1806) by Asher Benjamin. Benjamin had little of Bulfinch lightness and grace, but the massive simplicity of his work is attractive.

Going up Mt. Vernon Street is the Church of the Advent, and just beyond it the Charles Street Meeting House, by Asher Benjamin. He wrote: The most exquisite ornaments lose all their value if they load, alter, or confuse the form they are designed to enrich.' This beautiful church shows how well he lived up to his own credo. It was built for the Baptists in 1807. In those days the Charles River came up to the side of the church (hence the name 'River Street'). The site was chosen so the believers could be conveniently immersed in the Charles. In 1876 the building was sold to the African Methodist Episcopal Society. Founded in 1780, this is the oldest colored church in New England. Now the building is no longer used as a church. The little shops on the ground floor pay the taxes and the hall above is used for neighborhood activities.

Along the Charles River runs the 'Esplanade,' a grassy parkway, stretching for two miles. It is lovely in summer with the sea breeze whipping in off the sea, the little sailing boats, racing shells, children playing, gulls screaming. And it is lovely in winter with black ice, skaters, and a frosting of white

The Public Garden was laid out about a hundred years ago. At that time the water still came up over the present Arlington Street. Planted with rare trees, gay with flowers and swan boats in summer, skaters in winter, and statues and people at all seasons, it is much loved by Bostonians. Near the corner of Beacon and Arlington is its queerest statue — The 'Ether Memorial.' It represents the good Samaritan doing good — not Doctor Morton administering ether. The tremendous ginkgo tree beside the statue is the largest in this country. Even Orientals make special visits to see it. In the spring it is worth any one's time to go to the corner of the garden at Arlington and Boylston to see the English hawthorns, set out not long after the retrievement of this garden from the tidal mud flats.

In the center of the Garden is a suspension bridge, said to be the smallest in the world and a microscopic copy of Brooklyn Bridge in New York. It, like the swan boats and the geometric flower gardens and even some of the statues, has something of the quality of a bright, old fashioned toy.

The Public Garden has twenty-four acres and the adjoining Common forty-eight more. This is a large stretch of green to find in a big city. Not only is it a haven for the human race but for birds. Some live there all the year round, but during the migrations ornithologists often count as many as twenty varieties in one morning's walk. Here is a great concentration of finches, sparrows, thrushes, warblers. Some of them, like the hermit thrush and Wilson's thrush, ruby-crowned kinglet, yellow-breasted chat, are more commonly seen here than in the countryside, where the same number of migrants are spread over many square miles. The distant glow of the city attracts them during the night, but when they arrive they have only these few green acres in which to rest. Some find refuge in the near-by Granary and the Esplanade. But the Public Garden, quiet and bushy, is their delight. They are not molested and seem much tamer than in the country, but to see them you must rise early. Although they will often rest for several days, they are somewhat sobered by the city noises and rarely sing, only chirp and chat a little.

It hardly seems like spring in Boston until the flowers begin in the Public Garden. Daffodils, hyacinths, tulips. And the neatly bedded pansies. There is nothing naturalistic about the arrangement of the flowers – but no true Bostonian would wish them otherwise. All through the flowering season as soon as one species has stopped the next begins – bulbs first, then fuchsias, geraniums, heliotrope, and in midsummer exotic tropical plants which for a few months make this corner of Boston look almost like Havana.

There is skating in the winter . . .

And the photographer all the year round.

The loiterer in Boston probably has already seen 'the late George Apley' stepping cautiously out of the Somerset Club on Beacon Street, crossing the Common on his way to State Street or entering a Louisburg Square home to visit his aunts. For John Marquand did create a synthesis of aridities, frustrations, vague decencies which any Bostonian can recognize as 'a type.' It was in the Arlington Street Church George Apley married Catherine Bosworth with the words 'This is the end' upon his lips.

Thomas Ball's statue of Washington faces down Commonwealth Avenue. It has been complained that the sculptor forgot to give the horse a tongue. Boston has always had a passionate belief in kindness to dumb animals. One of the earliest laws the Puritans added to English common law forbade 'any Tirranny or Crueltie towards any bruite creatures,' and Bostonians disliked the idea of a mistreated horse – even in bronze.

'The Back Bay,' as the residential district running west from the Public Garden is called, was filled in just as ladies were discarding hoopskirts, and canned food was becoming popular. So it is said to rest on these two commodities. By this time, the architects were more anxious to show their virtuosity than during the earlier building-up of Beacon Hill, and the wealthy people more anxious to show their wealth. The houses along Newbury Street, Commonwealth Avenue, Marlborough and the extension of Beacon Street are massively Victorian. And to us seem heavily conservative. This new building venture, however, did not seem conservative to the generation who built it or lived here. The quick filling was an engineering triumph. Those who chose to live here were thought to be risking their lives, for built on tidal mud flats, it was feared malaria would kill them all. But among the first to move was Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. Commenting upon his old overcrowded house on the Hill he committed what he called 'justifiable domicide.' His son, the future great Justice Holmes, lived here with him at 296. An even younger boy who took up his residence here at this time was Santayana, the half-Spanish, half-Boston philosopher. Both boys loved the sunsets across the Charles. 'Gorgeous these sunsets often were,' Santayana remarked. 'More gorgeous, most Bostonians believed, than any sunset anywhere else in the world.' And an address to this day on the water side of Beacon is considered very good.

And here, if anywhere, is the appropriate moment to quote those ancient lines:

> 'And this is good old Boston,
> The home of the bean and the cod;
> Where the Lowells speak only to Cabots
> And the Cabots speak only to God.'

Little by little doctors' offices and choice shops are invading the Back Bay. The most sensational newcomer is Radio Boston WRUL, one of the most powerful of short-wave stations in existence and able to reach any spot in the world. It did noble service during the second World War, bringing hope of liberation to millions of conquered people who risked their lives to listen, and keeping in touch with underground groups.

The Boston Public Library bounds the west end of Copley Square, which is formed by the coming-together of Huntington Avenue and Boylston Street. About this square are a number of hotels and several buildings of architectural fame. Next to the handsome library is the picturesque 'new' Old South (lineal descendant of the Old South on Washington Street), and at Copley is the beautiful Trinity Church.

There have always been books in Boston, and printing and publishing. From the beginning there have been private libraries. Both the Athenaeum and the Massachusetts Historical Society are examples of fine, venerable, generous, privately-supported libraries. But a genuinely free public library, supported by everyone and serving everyone is a rather new idea. In 1825, Josiah Quincy, greatest of Boston mayors, was waiting at the city line, surrounded by guardsmen and citizenry, to welcome Lafayette. The mayor ordered free punch to be served, but thought to himself: 'Had anyone


WINCHESTER - 1862 -
ANTIETAM - CHA
GETTYSBURG - RES
THE MARCH TO THE
SHERMAN'S CAROL

'In Boston they ask, How much does he know? In New York, How much is he worth? In Philadelphia, Who were his parents?'

Mark Twain

proposed to provide free books at the expense of the tax-payer, there would have been much indignation. We should have been aghast at the impudence of such a proposal; but a few glasses of punch was another matter.'

It took twenty-five years, much agitation, and many gifts before this idea of free books became a fact. Help in the practical shape of $100,000 came from a wealthy London banker, Joshua Bates. He had been born over here and had lived in Boston. 'My own experiences as a poor boy convinced me of the great advantage of such a library,' he said. He remembered how he had had no money to buy books. A kind bookseller had let him read nights in his shop. To this day Bates Hall recalls his gift. Not only was money given, by many eminent men, but also great private libraries like that of the Reverend Thomas Prince, built up before the Revolution and containing some of the rarest of Americana. Nathaniel Bowditch's library, and those of John Adams and George Ticknor are now here. So is

Lewissohn's Washingtoniana, Sabbatier's books on Saint Francis d'Assisi, a fine collection of Franklin's books and engravings, and priceless incunabula. These are samples of its treasures. It is one of the great libraries of the world.

In 1895 the present building (McKim, Mead, and White) was completed. It is a direct and impressive building on the outside and lavishly beautiful inside. The yellow marble and stone lions of the stairway, French's bronze doors, the central court (where smoking is allowed), murals by Puvis de Chavannes, by Abbey ('The Holy Grail'), and by Sargent all add their glory to the building and to Boston.

Although so eminently distinguished an institution, the Public Library has added a little humor to Boston legends. It is said for years New Yorkers wanted to go to Bates Hall to see if it were true there was a sign there saying 'Only low conversation allowed here.' When there was great agitation over the subway exits on the Common, Boston was divided into warring factions.

'Now that they are built, how do you think they look?' said one of the victors to a vanquished citizen.

'To me, sir, they look as if the Public Library had pupped on the Common.'

And so they do . . .

Trinity Church is romantic, colorful, picturesque (Richardson, 1877). Before it, facing Copley Square is Saint Gaudens's statue of Phillips Brooks. Although much admired for its artistry, it has been criticized by those who knew the great preacher. Brooks was six feet four, but the sculptor with a commendable desire to make Christ more impressive than his servant, was unable to suggest this fact. Every year at Christmas time, all over Beacon Hill, all over Boston and the Christian world, Phillips Brooks's 'Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem' is still sung and loved – a greater monument to this good man than even the finest of bronze statues.

Square. For some reason it does not seem to detract from nor belittle its older neighbors in spite of the great difference in architectural style.

The Christian Science Church in Boston is 'The Mother Church' for all Christian Scientists. Joined to the large domed modern building is the original church with its memories and mementoes of Mary Baker Eddy. Across the street is the Publishing House where the famous newspaper is printed. And beyond its entrance hall, the Maparium. The walls of this spherical room are of colored glass, depicting the continents and oceans of the world.

Dr. Serge Koussevitsky, for twenty-two years conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra . . .

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was founded in 1881 and nineteen years later Symphony Hall was built to house it. It is one of the finest, or the finest, of American symphony orchestras. After the winter season is over comes ten weeks of 'The Pops' when the dignified concert hall is filled with tables, food is served, and a semi-popular program is played by a reduced orchestra.

This section is the musical heart of Boston. Near-by is the New England Conservatory, one of the oldest institutions of its kind in the country, and one of the best. Over a hundred and forty thousand students have studied here, many of them now world famous, and there are also many private teachers roundabout. There are numerous musical societies for chamber music and small concerts. Generations of ambitious young music students have eaten at these restaurants (after programs) and roomed in the many side streets. This is Boston's Latin Quarter, and many have informally graduated from what has been called 'The University of Huntington Avenue.' Foreign musicians have long loved Boston, and many make their homes here.


MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS


MEMORIAL

Farther out in the Fens is The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Fenway Court. 'Mrs. Jack' was a remarkable lady, not only as an art patron and collector, but as an individual. Hers was the sort of personality that attracts friends and admirers, and her fabulous charm was a subject of conversation in many a drawing room – not only in Boston but in the many cities she visited all over the world. This portrait of her by Sargent was completed only after the ninth try. After eight failures, the artist asked Mrs. Gardner whether she was – as some of his friends had suggested – like the other rich women who delighted in sitting for him but who were never satisfied with the results. She denied this, went on to say that she had been reading Dante and that, since Dante's mystic number was nine, she was sure the next attempt would be successful. And so it was. The portrait, incidentally, was considered highly immodest when first hung. Not only were the neck and arms exposed, but the subject was wearing pearls around her waist, and in Boston that was thought vulgar.

The art collection started with a few fine works which Mrs. Gardner bought on her European travels to decorate her Beacon Street home. But her purchases soon outgrew her Boston house, and in 1899 Fenway Court – modelled after a Venetian palace – was started. She filled the palace with treasures – mosaic floors from Roman villas, columns from ancient temples, sculpture from Italian churches, Medieval stained glass and carving, paintings by great masters. When Mrs. Gardner died, she left a fund to maintain the palace as a museum. In the central courtyard, flower displays are magnificently arranged, and in the music room, small concerts are presented during museum hours.

The Massachusetts Historical Society also faces the Fens. Founded in 1791, it is the oldest historical society in the United States. Primarily it is a library, and is one of the greatest reservoirs of American manuscripts, rare books, prints, and newspapers. It has also a small museum.

Over fifty denominations are listed in Boston with Roman Catholics the largest group. The picture opposite was taken in one of Boston's loveliest Catholic churches, St. Clement's Church on Boylston Street near the Fenway. Formerly a Universalist Church, it was purchased by the late Cardinal O'Connell and is now a center for the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament by the Catholic religious and lay people. The shrine is in the charge of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who take turns kneeling in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Thousands of Boston's men and women participate in Nocturnal Adoration at specific hours.

The trickle of water, which might be called the spinal cord of the long and serpentine 'Fens,' moves sluggishly under bridges and through pleasant natural fields. People come here to walk, ride horseback, to sun themselves, think (Bostonians like to think), sketch a little, watch birds, or photograph. Here on any decent day the loiterer can see the western sky fill with sunset glory and (if he is of that temperament) dream a little of Boston's past. But better yet, rise early and see the sun rising – prophetic of what Boston may become. For no city can reach farther than the aspirations, understanding, reverence of her people – and among her own people Boston includes all who have come to love her.

'Let every child that is born of her, and every child of her adoption see to it to keep the name of Boston as clean as the Sun; and in distant ages her motto shall be the prayer of millions on all the hills that gird the town. "As with our Fathers, so God be with us."'

R. W. Emerson

For Photographers Only

I had fun and exercise getting these photographs of Boston, and I also had to do quite a bit of advance planning to picture the subjects in the best and most dynamic way. Most buildings are not very photogenic or interesting unless you can get unusual lighting, frame the picture effectively, or get personalities in the scene. Telephoto and wide angle lenses, different filters, flash combined with sunlight can transform a mediocre subject into an exciting one. I didn't resort to any trick photography. All the photographs were enlarged directly from the negatives without any retouching. The cameras used for all the black and white photographs were a Super Ikonta B and a Contax with four interchangeable lenses; a 3.5 cm wide angle, 50 cm, 8.5 cm telephoto, and 18 cm telephoto. A great many of the shots would have been impossible without the different focal-length lenses. The pictures on pages 4, 95, 98, and 111 had to be made at a certain time of day. For example, the ray of sun strikes the lion's head (on page 95) for only a few minutes on a sunny afternoon, and the front of King's Chapel catches the sun for a very brief time. The sun never hits the Shaw Memorial, so I used a flash on the camera and an extension to supplement the sunlight. Side lighting and backlighting often spell the difference between a mediocre picture and a good one – the old idea of always having the sun over your shoulder has been superseded. The steam coming out of the coffee pot on page 11 needed backlighting as did the water in the picture on page 81.

People, especially children, add interest to views. The kids on page 42 made this picture – for a quarter – and the chap on the opposite page had no thought of feeding his horse until I gave him the idea. I experimented with several angles before getting the pictures on pages 56, 99, and 100 effectively framed. You can't get the best angles and views by always staying on the ground. I took some of the pictures from a plane – using an 18 cm telephoto lens, since government restrictions prohibit low flying over the city. To get the grasshopper on top of the cupola of Faneuil Hall, I had to climb countless stairs and ladders, open a skylight, and trust a muscular janitor to hold my legs while I leaned out and shot skyward.

All the color photographs were made on Daylight Kodachrome film in a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic with a 6-inch lens. (I used the 4 x 5 film because of the difficulty engravers have making plates from 35 mm film.) The camera was mounted on a tripod, and the average exposure was 1/25 of a second at f 11.

Many of these photographs were made on assignment for the *Boston Globe* Rotogravure Section. We are extremely grateful to the *Globe* for allowing us to reproduce them in this book.

I have listed below the factual information about each picture.

PAGE	CAMERA	FILM	LENS	APERTURE	EXPOSURE	
Title page	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
Facing page 1	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
Page 1	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
3	Contax	Infra red film	Wide angle lens	f 4.5	1/50 sec	Red filter
4	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 4.5	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
5	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 4.5	1/200 sec	
6	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
7	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 4.5	1/100 sec	
8	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 4	1/100 sec	
9	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
10	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
11	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
12	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 6.3	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
13	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 4.5	1/50 sec	
14	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 4.5	1/50 sec	
15	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	
16	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 8	1/250 sec	Double flash
17	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 4	1/125 sec	
18	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
19	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	
20	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	
21	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
22	Contax	Medium pan. film	8.5 cm. telephoto	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
23	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
24	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	
25	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
26	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 16	1/100 sec	Double flash
27	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
28	Ikonta	Fast pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1 sec	
29	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
30	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
31	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
32	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
33	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
34	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter

PAGE	CAMERA	FILM	LENS	APER-TURE	EXPOSURE	
Page 35	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
36	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	
37	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
38	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
39	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
40	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
41	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
42	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
43	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
44	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
45	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
46	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 4	1/500 sec	Medium yellow filter
47	Contax	Medium pan. film	18 cm. telephoto lens	f 4	1/500 sec	Medium yellow filter
48	Contax	Fast pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 8	5 sec	
49	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
50	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
51	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	
52	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
53	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
54	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Double flash
55	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
56	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
57	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
58	Contax	Medium pan. film	8.5 cm. telephoto	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
59	Ikonta	Fast pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 11	1/100 sec	Double flash
60	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
61	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
62	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
63	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 4	1/400 sec	Medium yellow filter
64	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
65	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
65	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
66	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	
67	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
68	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
69	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
70	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
71	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
72	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
73	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
74	Contax	Medium pan. film	8.5 cm. telephoto	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
75	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
77	Contax	Fast pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 1.5	1 sec	
78	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
79	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
80	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
81	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 4.5	1/500 sec	
82	Contax	Medium pan. film	18 cm. telephoto lens	f 8	1/125 sec	

PAGE	CAMERA	FILM	LENS	APERTURE	EXPOSURE	
Page 83	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter
84	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
85	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
86	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
87	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
88	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
89	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
90	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
91	Contax	Infra red film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/50 sec	Red filter
92	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.6	f 4.5	1/400 sec	Medium yellow filter
93	Contax	Infra red film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Red filter
94	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	Medium yellow filter
95	Contax	Fast pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 4.5	1/50 sec	
96	Ikonta	Fast pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 2.8	1/25 sec	
97	Contax	Fast pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 2.8	1/25 sec	
98	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/50 sec	
99	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
100	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
101	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
102	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 5.6	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
103	Contax	Fast pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 8	1 sec	3 flood lights
104	Contax	Fast pan. film	Telephoto lens	f 2	1/25 sec	stage lighting
105	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
106	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
107	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 11	1/200 sec	Double flash
108	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 16	1/100 sec	Double flash
109	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
110	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 4.5	1/250 sec	Medium yellow filter Tripod, delay action release
111	Contax	Medium pan. film	Wide angle lens	f 8	1/125 sec	Medium yellow filter
112	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
113	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 11	1/5 sec	2 flood lights
114	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
115	Contax	Medium pan. film	50 cm. lens	f 2	2 sec	church lighting
116	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 8	1/100 sec	Medium yellow filter
116	Ikonta	Medium pan. film	Tessar f 2.8	f 5.6	1/200 sec	

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POINTS OF INTEREST IN BOSTON

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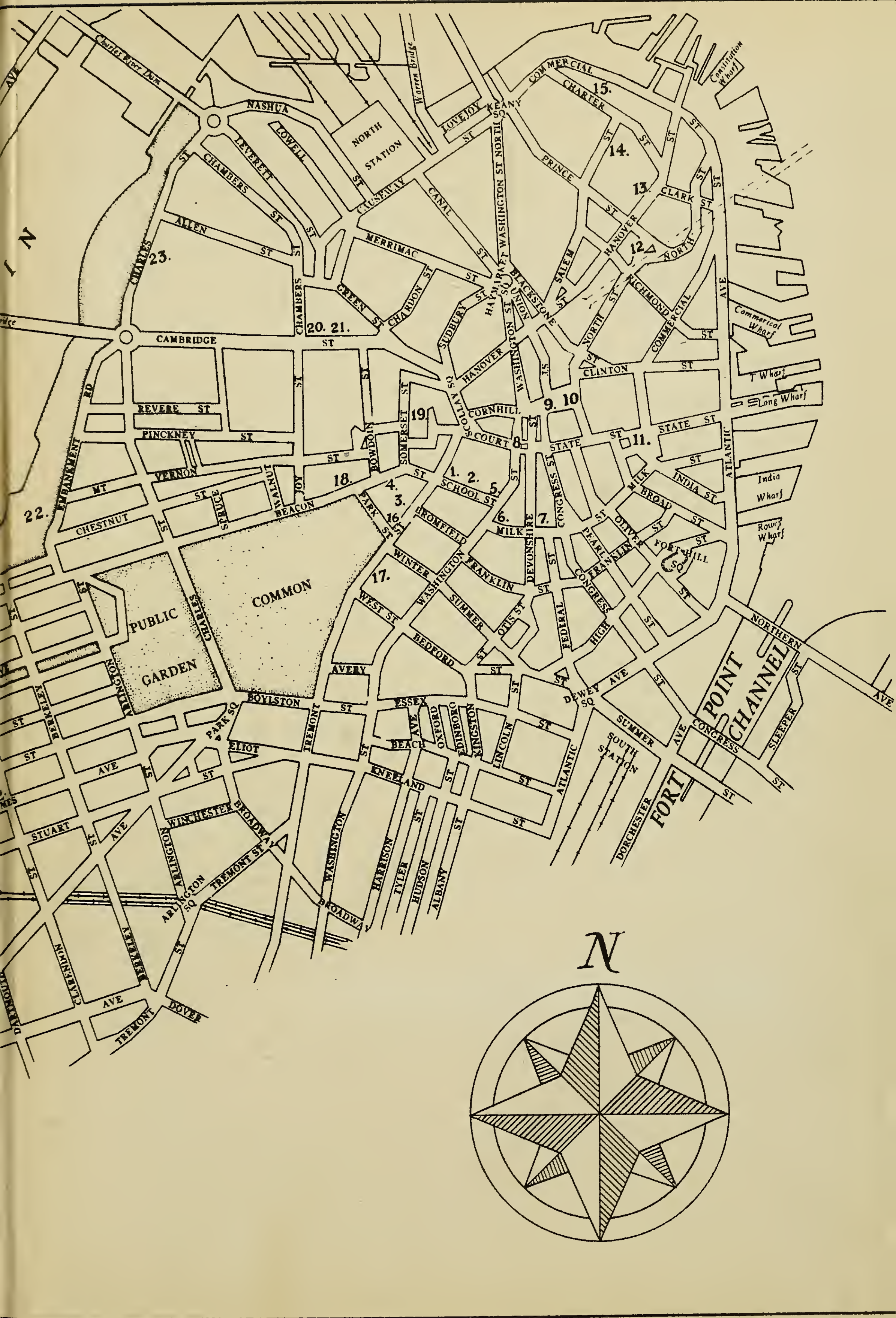
3. Granary Burial Ground
4. Athenaeum
5. Old Corner
6. Old South Meeting House
7. Post Office
8. Old State House
9. Faneuil Hall
10. Quincy Market
11. Custom House
12. Paul Revere House
13. Paul Revere Mall
14. Christ Church
15. Copps Hill
16. Park St. Church
17. St. Paul's Cathedral
18. State House
19. Court House
20. Harrison Gray Otis House
21. Old West Church
22. The Shell
23. Massachusetts General Hospital
24. Public Library
25. Trinity
26. Christian Science Church
27. Temple Israel
28. Symphony Hall
29. Museum of Fine Arts
30. Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum
31. Massachusetts Historical Society



Charles River Dam
NASHUA
LEVERETT
LOWELL
NORTH STATION
Warren Bridge
LOVEJOY
KEANY SQ
COMMERCIAL
CHARTER
Constitution Wharf
15.
14.
13.
12.
CHAMBERS
ALLEN
23.
CHARLES
CAUSEWAY
CANAL
MERRIMAC
NORTH WASHINGTON ST
PRINCE
CLARK
HANOVER
NORTH
SALEM
GREEN
CHARDON
SUDBURY
HAYMARKET SQ
BLACKSTONE
UNION
RICHMOND
COMMERCIAL
Commercial Wharf
20. 21.
CAMBRIDGE ST
HANOVER
WASHINGTON
CLINTON
T Wharf
Long Wharf
REVERE ST
PINCKNEY ST
SOMERSET
BOWDOIN
19.
SCOLLAY SQ
CORNHILL
COURT
8.
9. 10
STATE
STATE ST
11.
ATLANTIC
AVE
VERNON
MT
WALNUT
JOY
18.
1. 2.
SCHOOL ST
5.
4.
3.
CONGRESS ST
MILK
INDIA ST
India Wharf
BROAD
22.
EMBANKMENT RD
CHESTNUT
SPRUCE
BEACON
PARK
16.
BROMFIELD
6.
7.
DEVONSHIRE
PEARL
OLIVER
FRANKLIN
FORT HILL SQ
Rowes Wharf
WINTER
WASHINGTON
FRANKLIN
17.
COMMON
PUBLIC GARDEN
CHARLES
WEST ST
SUMMER
OTIS ST
FEDERAL
CONGRESS
HIGH
NORTHERN AVE
ARLINGTON
BEDFORD
AVERY
DEWEY SQ
SUMMER
POINT CHANNEL
BERKELEY
BOYLSTON
TREMONT
ESSEX
OXFORD
EDINBORO
KINGSTON
LINCOLN
ATLANTIC
SOUTH STATION
CONGRESS
SLEEPER
PARK SQ
ELIOT
BEACH
KNEELAND
FORT
DORCHESTER
STUART
WINCHESTER
BROADWAY
ARLINGTON
TREMONT ST
ARLINGTON SQ
WASHINGTON
HARRISON
TYLER
HUDSON
ALBANY
BROADWAY
CLARENDON
BERKELEY
DARTMOUTH
AVE
TREMONT
DOVER
N